# BOWSER FALLS DOWN

All the World Seems to Go Wrong With the Old Fellow.

### HAD BEEN GOOD FOR A WEEK.

The Cook Knew Something Was About to Happen, For She Could Tell the Symptoms-He Walks the Streets For Two Hours In Dismay.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] Mr. Bowser had been very good for week. He had taken Mrs. Bowser on a suburban car; they had gone out in the evening for ice cream; they had sat on the front steps in the gloaming, and he hadn't cussed the street peddiers who were yelling at the gate. one single complaint from Mr. Bowser. A water pipe in the kitchen had burst, but he had got a plumber and paid the bill without a murmur. The cook couldn't help but notice the change. and in an awed whisper she said to Mrs. Bowser:

"Don't think me impudent, ma'am, but that's just the way my sister's hus- frozen feet?" band was taken before he hung himself. I don't like to see it. It isn't natural."

"All husbands have their streaks," replied Mrs. Bowser, with a smile.

"Yes, perhaps they do, but I call it uncanny. I hope you don't come down to breakfast some morning with your throat cut from ear to ear.'

Mrs. Bowser had been married long enough to realize that there was no de-



"WHO IN THUNDER LEFT THAT GATE

pending on a south wind and was ready for the change when it came. Mr. Bowser left the house one morning after kissing her in a most loving manner and cautioning her not to overwork during the day, and at 5:30 p. m., as she and the cat sat on the front steps watching for him, he got off the car at the corner. In an instant she knew that the change had come. His shoulders were hunched up and his feet dragging, and he looked around as if hoping some one would step on his coat tails. The gate was open, and he scuffed in and ascended the steps. No, there was no mistake. He had fallen down. His goodness had de-

parted. "Who in thunder left that gate open?" he demanded as he passed into

the house. "Why, I think the minister did. He was here calling about an hour ago." "Then he wants to learn what gates are for, and I'll tell him so next time

I see him." "Dinner is all ready," said Mrs. Bowser as she joined him in the hall.

### Scores the Minister.

"Humph! You mean that some old frazzled steak and watery potatoes are to be set before me. We haven't had a decent meal in this house in six months, though goodness knows the running expenses are the same as if we kept a boarding house. The idea of a minister of the gospel going out and leaving a man's gate open! He probably hoped a lot of cows and hogs would get into the front yard. Wanted to spite me because I don't come to church oftener, but we'll see how it turns out. Where is your old dinner anyhow?"

"Why, in the basement dining room, of course.

"Oh, 'tis, eh? I didn't know but we were to eat it on the front steps." It was a good dinner and a well cooked dinner that awaited him, but he found fault with every dish in rotation and finally broke out with:

"Mrs. Bowser, why do you keep such a bow legged, knock kneed, club footed woman in your kitchen? Here's at least three dollars' worth of food not fit for rats to eat."

"And only yesterday, when I told you that she might leave us, you told me to raise her wages \$2 a month. You said she was the best cook that

ever"-"Never said a word of the kind!" he interrupted. "You can give her notice to skate. I'm a patient, long suf-

fering man, but there's a limit." The dinner was finally finished, and they went up stairs. They had hardly reached the sitting room when Mr.

Bowser yanked off his coat and

growled out: "By the beard of my father, but what in blazes ails this collar of mine? It has been sawing at my throat all day. I've got more than four million collars in the house, and yet I must

be pestered this way." Mrs. Bowser stepped over and looked | guirer.

at his shirt collar and then stood back, with a smile, and said:

"The laundryman made a mistake and sent you some boy's collar for one of your own. This is No. 13, while you wear 16. How on earth you managed to button it around your neck is a mystery to me. It's funny how you should pick that one out of two dozen. Why didn't you"-

"Oh, why didn't I do this and do that? If you were like other wives you would have seen it. Go and take a look at my hat out there, will you?"

"What's the matter with the hat?" "A spot of red paint as big as my hand right on the crown of it! I must have presented a pretty spectacle to all the people! No wonder that one old dozer after laughing in my face wanted to know if I'd run against a barber

### Wears the Wrong Hat.

"That is your painting hat, and I had it hidden away on a shelf. You must have had to spend ten minutes looking The cook had burned her hand and was for it, and there you had two good ones behind time with the meals, but not on the hall tree. You are a very careless man, Mr. Bowser."

"That's your usual song," he growled, "but will you tell me why you can't stay home now and then and darn my socks? Both of these have got holes in the heels large enough to drive a dog through. Is it any wonder that I have corns and bunions and have to hobble about like an old turkey with

"Will you please take off your shoe?" she asked.

"Yes, I will, and I wish that all the

husbands and wives on this block were

here to see what I have to undergo. There! Do you see them? Holes, Mrs. Bowser-h-o-l-e-s!" "Where did you get those socks this

morning?" "Out of the sock bag, of course."

"And in the lower drawer of your dresser are at least six new pairs you have never had on your feet!" Mr. Bowser was taken aback for a

moment, but soon rallied and said: "But what can a husband expect of a wife whose minister leaves the gate wide open for stray hogs to come in and root up a thousand dollars' worth of flowers. The gas bill ought to show a decrease of at least a dollar this month, but you've kept the burners going night and day in your extravagant way, and the bill is probably \$3 more. By John, but no wonder that a man on the car the other day asked me why I didn't get off the earth. I thought he meant it for an insult, but I see now that he had been studying my face and he pitled me. He realized

that I must long for rest!" Mrs. Bowser as she reached for the gas bill on the mantel, "you might show him that the bill for this month as Oxford university an honorary deis only half what it was for the pre- gree? Yet at the same time that Oxceding one.'

out of order again by this time. You also honored the venerable Salvationcan't be satisfied to press the button ist, making him a doctor of civil law. same as other folks, but you must jab at it with a crowbar. Fifty dollars to get that infernal bell fixed again!"

"It has been repaired just once in the last three years, and the charge was 50 cents. The batteries had run out."

### House Repairs Too Much.

"But didn't the cook say something a day or two ago about the lock on the kitchen door being broken? Of course she did. Took a hammer and stood there deliberately and pounded away. and you encouraged her. I sat down this afternoon and figured up that the repairs on this house solely on your account cost me \$10,000 a year."

"They don't cost a thousand cents." replied Mrs. Bowser. "I have the bills all filed away, and I looked them over last week and found the cost less than \$5. Twice you have blown up the furnace, and three times you have busted water pipes, but I am not responsible multitude, to purify the public mind for that."

"But I'm telling you that you have bought and wasted over 50,000 dozen him forcibly just thirty years ago, clothespins in the last twelve months!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he brought his fist down on his knee with a bang.

"I have bought just four dozen, and all but five are in the basket now. Come down and look."

Mr. Bowser had no case. He knew he hadn't when he begun. He had been met at all points and defeated, and spiritually uplifting work in and his only recourse was to clap on his hat and start off with the observa-

"Driven from home! Driven from my own fireside by the extravagance end all!"

But two hours later he softly enterout a word. As he wandered the streets two tramps whom he turned his own doorsteps and chilled his blood M. QUAD. with dire threats.

Just Kids.



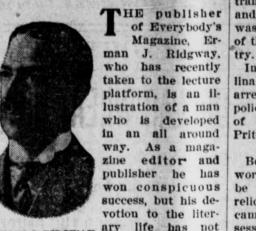
"My farver knows a few things." "Garn! My farver knows fewer things than your farver knows."

One at Least.

She-You are just like all the menyou would not admit that you ever made a mistake to save your life. He-As if I hadn't told you time and

time again that the mistake of my life was in marrying you!-Cincinnati Enyears to be assistant general freight great of the road. Ten years later by the masquitoes."-Washington Star.

## Short Stories About People.



won conspicuous be interested in a success, but his devotion to the liter-ERMAN J. RIDGWAY. ary life has not warped him or stunted his growth as a citizen, a man of affairs and as a specimen of physical manhood. 'He belongs to half a dozen clubs and is active and popular in them, takes a keen interest in progressive movements both as a magazine publisher and as an individual citizen, keeps up the acquaintanceships of his college days, and in spite of the many demands of his business finds time for outdoor sports and exercise, especially for golf, and is often | The firelock has an seen on the links of two golf clubs in Montclair, N. J., where he makes his home. He is one of the leading spir- time in the possesits in the Commonwealth club, a unique organization for men and boys,

which is a power for good in Upper place, Largo, Fife-Montclair. Mr. Ridgway was born in Muskingum county, O., and studied at Northwestern university for two White at a sale in ROBINSON CRUSOE'S years, afterward going to Yale, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts with honors. He was for some years associated with Frank A. Munsey in magazine and newspaper work and became publisher of Everybody's Magazine about four years ago. In a recent address at Chautauqua, N. Y., Mr. Ridgway spoke in praise of the much abused "yellow journal." He when he literally yells the 5,000,000

poor families of this country out of

their mental apathy and compels them

is a public benefactor. God speed the

mission of the yellow press!"

In his last years General William Booth of the Salvation Army is receiving honors from most unexpected quar-"And if you meet him again," said ters. Who would have dreamed twenfrom such a conservative institution opponents. Fortunately perhaps for ford complimented the great Ameri-"Humph! Some hocus pocus about can humorist and man of letters, Mark that. I suppose that front doorbell is Twain, by the bestowal of a degree it With his long white beard and bristling hair he makes an impressive fig-

ure in his academic robes. Since his formation of his Hallelu-



TWO NEW PICTURES OF GENERAL BOOTH labored zealously to Christianize the and to improve the material welfare of the poor. The militant idea struck when his Halleluiah band, then spread all over the British isles, became the Salvation Army and he its general.

In his seventy-eighth year he is more widely known and revered than any other figure in the religious world except the pope of Rome. There are many others conducting evangelical smaller fields, but there is none his equal in the public vision.

Since he received his honorary degree at the University of Oxford General Booth has been making a tour of of my wife! Driven to the river to Great Britain in a motor car. In every humble hamlet there is a branch of the Salvation Army. He has been ed the house and crept into bed with- received everywhere with veneration by great throngs. No emperor ever called forth a greater manifestation down took after him and ran him to of his power over the people. He has lately appointed his own successor, a privilege denied to the crowned kings.

> William W. Finley, president of the Southern railway, has come into unusual prominence on account of the controversy between his railroad and the state of North Carolina which has occasioned a conflict between the state and federal courts and rejuvenated the doctrine of state rights as a political issue. Mr. Finley succeeded to the presi-

> > dency of the road when its former president, Samuel Spencer, was killed in a wreck last Thanksgiving day. Mr. Finley was born at Pass Christian, Miss., in 1853 and started his railway career as a stenographer to one of the vice presidents of the New

Orleans. Jackson and Great Northern and rose in ten

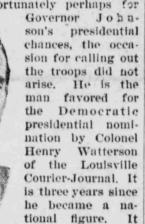
found him general traffic manager of the Great Northern. In 1895 he was made third vice president of the Southern and was second vice president of the same road when the death of Mr. Spencer occurred and he was chosen as its head. Mr. Finley was intimately associated with James J. Hill while traffic manager of the Great Northern and lated second vice president and of Everybody's was looked upon by Mr. Hill as one | HE HAD TO CRAWFISH AGAIN. Magazine, Er- of the coming railway men of the coun-

> In the contest over the North Carolina railway rate law Mr. Finley was arrested and was being taken before a police judge when released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Pritchard of the federal court.

Boys and girls the world over will relic that recently came into the possession of an American woman, Mrs. Huldah B. White of Philadelphia. It is the old time firelock used on the island of Juan Fernandez by Alexander Selkirk, whose experiences formed the basis for Daniel Defoe's story entitled "Robinson Crusoe." authentic pedigree and was for a long sion of Selkirk's relatives near his birth. shire. It was purchased by Mrs. Edinburgh for \$160.

Vice President Fairbanks likes young people. With five children in the family, four sons and a daughter, the Fairbanks household has always been a lively one, and it has long been known for its open hearted and old fashioned hospitality. Mrs. Fairbanks is prominent in patriotic movements. said in part: "The yellow journalist, and her husband encourages her in her special work in woman's sphere.

The strike among the miners in the to take an interest in life and affairs, !ron regions of Minnesota threatened to put Governor John A. Johnson in 8 difficult situation by requiring him to decide whether or not to call out the state troops to enforce order in the districts affected by the strike. For a presidential candidate this is a risky thing to do on account of the liability ty-five years ago that he would receive of his motives being misconstrued by



was in the fall of GOVERNOR JOHN A. 1904 that he was JOHNSON. first a candidate for governor, and some of his opponents thought to beat him by recalling the fact that his mother took in washing. The circumstance that he did not allow her to do it after he was fourteen years old, but took upon his young shoulders the burden of supporting a family of five, rallied so many voters to his side that he was elected by a large majority, even though in the national election the state gave Mr. Roosevelt a big majority. Governor Johnson was chosen for a second term last autumn. He has won high praise for the manner in which he has conducted his office and handled questions arising out of the necessity of regulating the large

corporations. Governor Johnson is not an orator, but is a fluent speaker. In an address at Duluth some time ago he said:

"Ten thousand a year is enough for any man," and he betrayed what may be, after all, his real ambition. "As a life work," he went on, "I would rather be able to provide for the needs of a family, enjoy the fellowship of good books and good friends and write one book that would be read 100 years from now than to

be able to amass all the money in the world." The wife of the governor is a gracious and handsome woman, barely thirty years of age and tall, brown haired and with the ruddy glow of health in her cheeks. She is a native of Wisconsin and met the

governor while on a MRS. JOHN A. visit to St. Peter. his home towr. They were married four years ago.

The Assessor Foiled. Cunning Assessor (to Kreesus' wife) -Wonder if I could get an idea from you as to how much your husband is

Truthful Wife-I don't know. From the way he stints me I should say that instead of being assessed for anything at all the city ought to pay him something.-Boston Transcript.

Examples.

"The country air develops an enormous appetite, doesn't it?" commented

one summer boarder. "Yes." answered the other, "judging

Judge Hoke Tells What He Has Done the Last Three Years.

Tells His Hearers That the State Is Trailing In Mud and That Men Are Looking Each Other In the Face In Shame and Humiliation.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.] When a constable had kicked the dogs out doors and given the Chinamen present a warning that they would be thrown through the window if caught making any sort of disturbance, Judge Hoke arose and folded his arms and said:

"When the free born and patriotic electors of this county of Blue Hoss jestice of the peace it was with every confidence that every individual would the proprietor of the Red Dog saloon at that time and am yet. I didn't claim to know all the fine p'ints of law.



THE TENDEREST SORT OF A TENDERFOOT. but promised you to uphold the legends and traditions of glorious old Wyoming to the best of my ability.

"I was elected by an overwhelming majority, and I have been dispensing jestice for the last three years in hunks and chunks and lumps. It may not always have been law, but it has been

jestice as far as I could make out. "On the way from the Red Dog to this court this morning the court was cussing at every step. Jest at the present minute the court has tears in his would make him weep. The banner of miliation-the head bowed in shame! man favored for our state is trailing in the mud. Men are looking each other in the face and turning away their heads in shame and humiliation. The word 'Disgrace' has been writ in large letters across the fair name of this commonwealth, and even the kyotes in the hills can no longer look a tenderfoot in the eye.

"Listen to me, sons of the fathers of Bunker Hill. Over there by the winder sits Arizona Peter. He has his hands in his pockets and a look of triumph on his face. He struck this town two years ago. He had two guns and a reputation as a man killer. He looked the part. None of us disputed it. We all stepped high and softly when we passed him, and no one dug an elbow into his ribs.

### No Spring Chicken.

"I am no spring chicken, as you will all admit, but I must tell the truth and say that I took care not to roil Whenever he called for the drinks I chalked it down, and whenever the chalk marks got too many I rubbed them out and began over ag'in. Yes, I took him for a man of sand. I was sure he was all in. I didn't turn away from him, but I always hoped we wouldn't have to draw on each other.

"Great shades, but when I think of the numerous times he has sat in the Red Dog and bluffed our crowd down I could howl with sorrer! He has fled and bragged and boasted, and we have sat there and taken it all in and forced a smile!

"Who skeered Jim Williams out of Sandy Bend? "Who told Watt Taylor to get move on himself?

"Who had an ace up his sleeve while playing poker? Who has been the terror of the ten

derfoot for fifty miles around? "Who has talked of starting a private graveyard? "Who has been agin a railroad and

civilization and boasted that he would die first? "Echo don't answer, but I do. Ari-

zona Pete is the critter—that thing sitting over there with man's clothes on. Three months ago, as you will remember, he started to go over to Jackpine to kill a man who had doubted his veracity. On the way he meets up with a tenderfoot-the tenderest sort of a tenderfoot. He was a cross eyed, bow legged, one lung son of a gun who had been sent out here by his ma to get some burs on his coat tails. As they meet Pete sees it's a good chance to make some boodle, and he yells out in that bull voice of his:

'Hands up or you are a dead man!' " 'What's the row?' asks the stranger in an easy way.

"'Shell out or I'll bury ye!' "The stranger orter have gone to shaking and trembling, but he didn't. Although he was kivered by a pop he made a lightning draw and raked Pete across the cheek with a builet. You

can see the scar there now. "Feller patriots, do you know what this holy terror, this man killer, this

two-gun fighter did? Yes, because you have heard it all before. He turned tail like a yaller dog and made back to this town and busted into my saloon with his eyes as big as sassers. \_

"'What is it?' says I. "'I've been feloniously assaulted on the highway!' says he. "'As to how?'

### Knees Grew Weak.

"He told me the story, and my knees grew weak. Think of the reputation of old Wyoming being intrusted to such a critter as that! I almost got down on my knees as I begged him to go back and either shoot or be shot, but he wouldn't move a foot. What he wanted was jestice, and at last I had to give it to him. The tenderfoot didn't wait for the constable, but walked into town, with a grin on his face, and give hisself up. At the trial, when the truth came out, I let him go free and sentenced Pete to five years in state prison.

"Is there a man within a hundred miles of this shanty who will say that elected the undersigned to the office of I didn't do right? Wasn't I preserving our customs and traditions? Wasn't I helping to make this a state that men have all the law allowed him. I was of sand would come to? And yetand yet, men of Wyoming, what has happened? The higher court has reversed on me and ordered a new trial on the grounds that I hadn't the legal authority and that Pete must have a new trial!

"It can't be done. It shan't be done. I'm telling the prisoner to pick up his hat and walk out of that door, and while you are walking after him and expediting his gait to the best of your ability I'll take a smoke and look the other way. A higher court may rule on a p'int of my law and find me lame, but when a higher court bucks up agin tradition it must crawfish or take the consequences of a revolution."

Ten minutes later, when the audience was once more seated and had got its breath back, Judge Hoke laid his pipe aside and said:

"There's another case of reversal. Over there by the stove sits Jim Wahoo. Three months ago Jim comes running to the Red Dog at night and wants jestice.

" 'What about?' says I. "'Ag'in a half breed who has stolen my broncho,' he says.

"'Did you see him do it?" " 'I did.'

"'Were you heeled?"

"'I was, but I didn't want to take human life when there was law in the

### Disgrace to His Mother.

"We haven't known Jim as a holy terror, but we have always given him credit for sand. He hasn't even brickdust in his craw. He's a disgrace to the mother who bore him. He stands right there at the door of his tent and sees a half breed ride away with his critter and never fires a shot! Holy eyes, and one tune on a hand organ smoke, but the disgrace of it!. The hu-

"When I couldn't get Jim to play th part of a man, I issued a warrant and had the half breed arrested and arraigned. He smiled over it. He winked at this sacred court. He was discharged, and Jim was sentenced to six years. Some shyster lawyer has carried his case up, and now I am told that he must be tried ag'in. Not in this yere court-not in a thousand years: He must take hisself off to some other spot-somewhere where they don't care for the honor and glory of Wyoming. The higher court may be right according to law, but this yere court is right according to jestice, and the prisoner may depart. About twenty of you fellers depart with him and see that the farewell is properly rubbed in. And now the rest of us will adjourn sine die, and such of you as care to see the dog fight this afternoon will find tickets on sale at my saloon, and with every ticket sold goes a free drink." M. QUAD.

### Always at It.

Teacher-There is a difference in the meaning of the words "vocation" and "avocation." "Vocation" is what one does all the time. His "avocation" is something aside from one's regular occupation! Now to show that you understand the difference tell me what is your father's vocation? Pupil - Smoking a pipe. - Boston

Transcript. Disadvantage of the Present Mode of

Millinery.



All "Over." Marie is in the mountains, The precious little dove, e is (so Jane writes me)

And Datsy's at the seash

She's getting awful tanned; Upon the beach she's lounging

And Myrtle's on the prairies (A tall, romantic lass). Outdoors she's idly rambling Over her knees

And frther's in the city. He's hustling hard, you bet Poor man! They say that he

-F. P. Pitzer in Boh